TO THE ADAMS LIBRARY

By Rufus Blanchard

Old times' revolving chain
  The centuries uncoil,
Buried in her domain;
  But thought has won the spoil,
To live as ages fly.
Ideas never die.

Homer and Plato live
  Still fresh through times' decay,
And to the present give,
  As landmarks of their day
Models of poesy,
And science's degree.

Far back in ages past
  The Persian Magii wrote,
And Hindoo lore was cast
  Upon the sea of thought.
The seed they planted then
Was of immortal ken.

Through evolution's role
  It lives in every land
That lies between each pole,
  And crowns the Ocean's strand.
The leaven it became
To fan, of thought the flame.

And books have multiplied
  Since first the printing art,
With science was allied
  To art its destined part,
Till, what we must discard,
Has put us on our guard.

Let this our motto be,
  As we accept with grace,
What has so generously
  Arisen in our place,--
A gift uniquely planned
By neighbor Adams' hand.

He built his monument--
  Enduring man by far,
Than selfish aims ere dreamt:
  It is a guiding star
To shine with living light
Through generations flight.

A silent charm of power
  His library will present,
To strew with many a flower
  Each youthful pathway bent,
In learning's road to tread,
By books and science led.

In bold insignia
  Let this memorial stand,
Till the future day
  Shall higher thoughts expand,
The loftier sentiment,
These volumes represent.

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